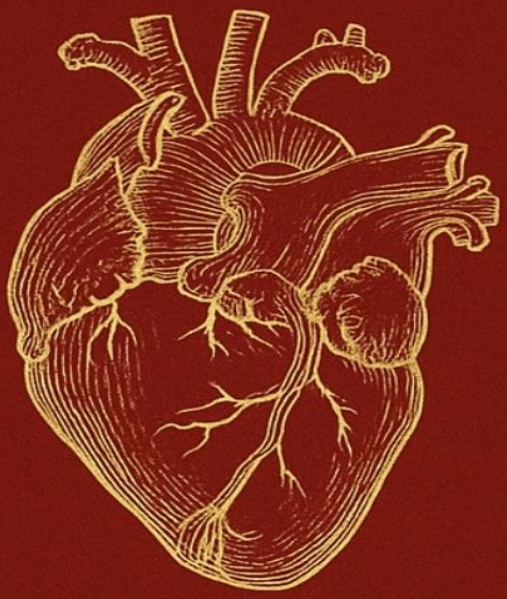
THE COST OF LOVE



ABDULLAHI ABDULRAZAQ

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DEDICATION

To the ones who have loved deeply, lost deeply, and still find the courage to love again.

To every heart that has broken and healed, to every soul that has carried grief with grace, to every person who has learned that love is both a blessing and a burden.

This book is for you for the brave ones who understand that love is worth its price, and that the cost of loving is also the proof that we lived.

Preface

When I wrote *The Essence of Existence*, I shared a belief that shaped my life:
that the essence of life is to love. Many people resonated with that message, and many also asked a difficult question:

"If love is the essence of life, why does it hurt so much?"

This book is my answer to that question.

The Cost of Love is not here to contradict the first book, it completes it. Love gives life meaning, but meaning always comes with weight.
Anything that has value will require something from us, love is no different.

In these pages, I explore the side of love we all experience but often avoid speaking about: the price, the pain, the vulnerability, the grief, the sacrifice, and the courage it demands. Not as a warning, but as a preparation. Not as a ledger of losses, but as a map of depths. Not to discourage love, but to understand it. Not to glorify suffering, but to give it context. Not to question the beauty of love, but to explain its depth.

Love is powerful, and everything powerful comes with a cost. To deny the cost is to cheapen the power**.**

This book is short, sincere, and written from my heart. If it helps you understand your own heart a little better, if it comforts you in moments of loss, or gives you strength to love again, then it has fulfilled its purpose.

THE COST OF LOVE

If you're holding this book, you've likely asked yourself what makes life meaningful. You may have experienced moments where love felt like the only thing that truly mattered, the reason we work, the reason we hope, the reason we keep going even when things get hard.

That instinct isn't accidental. It's pointing you toward a profound truth I explore in depth in my first book, *The Essence of Existence*(which you can read **here**). There, I introduce **Agapism**, the philosophy that love (*agape*) is not just an emotion, but the very purpose of our existence. It's what gives meaning to everything else.

But there's a crucial part of the story that needs its own space. Because understanding love's meaning requires understanding its price.

If you haven't yet read *The Essence of Existence*, I strongly encourage you to pause and read it first. This second part builds directly on its foundation like understanding why a masterpiece painting is valuable before learning about the years of struggle and sacrifice the artist endured to create it. You can read the complete first book for free **here**.

Because here's the honest truth: **Real love always comes at a cost.**

Love gives us our deepest joy, but it also opens us to our greatest vulnerability. It asks for sacrifice, demands courage, and makes us profoundly human. This isn't a flaw in love, it's the proof of its authenticity.

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The Invoice of the Heart

As an Agapist, I believe love is the reason we exist, but it's also the reason we hurt the most. Anything that carries meaning must also carry weight. Love is not cheap, love is not effortless, love is not always soft.

Love will make you vulnerable. Love will open your heart and expose it, whether you are ready or not. Love will teach you joy, and love will teach you pain. But that is the price we pay for living a meaningful life.

People say "love is beautiful" and it is, but they forget that beauty is often carved out of struggle. Think of a diamond formed under pressure. To love is to give something of yourself, and anything you give sincerely will leave a mark.

"Love will cost you something, but not loving will cost you everything**."**

The Signature of Love

In the first book, I wrote **"**Grief is the price we pay for love." And that truth follows us everywhere. We grieve deeply because we loved deeply. The weight of sadness proves the weight of connection.
The Japanese art of *Kintsugi* provides a profound metaphor. When a cherished ceramic bowl is broken, the *Kintsugi* artist does not discard it or hide the damage. Instead, they repair it with a lacquer mixed with powdered gold. The cracks are not concealed; they are illuminated. The bowl becomes more beautiful, more valuable, and entirely unique because of its history of breakage.

The philosophy is clear: the breakage and repair are part of the object's story, not its end**.** The gold-filled cracks are a map of its survival.

If you never want to grieve, then don't love, But how would you live? What would hold your world together? What would give you memories, meaning, stories, direction?

The great faiths do not promise exemption from this pain; they promise that the pain is not meaningless.
Judaism says: "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted." (Psalm 34:18)
Christianity says: "Love bears all things, endures all things." (1 Corinthians 13)
Islam says: "With hardship comes ease." (Qur'an 94:6)

Every Abrahamic religion agrees, Love hurts, but the hurting has meaning.

Grief is not the end of love, it is love continuing in another form. It is the heart's stubborn insistence that some connections are eternal, even in the face of temporal farewells.

Love Will Make You Do the Impossible

In *The Essence of Existence*, I wrote that love gives us the will to live.
That same power makes us do things we never imagined.

Love breaks fear, love makes ordinary people brave, love makes the quiet speak, love makes the hopeless try again, love makes a parent lift something heavier than they should, love makes a partner stay through storms they could have run from, love makes a believer pray when they have no strength left.
Love is the quiet fuel for the impossible, the extra breath when the lungs are empty, the final step when the legs are numb.

Camus said, "We must imagine Sisyphus happy." But Agapism adds "Sisyphus can only be happy if he loves something enough to keep pushing**".** *What if he loved the mountain itself, the feel of the stone, the rhythm of the struggle? Or what if he pushed for the sake of someone waiting at the summit? Then the absurd task becomes a sacred ritual.*

Love turns impossibility into purpose, it gives the "why" that carries us through any "how." Without love, the boulder is just a rock. With love, it becomes an offering.

Why Love Is Still Worth the Price

Some people say, "If love hurts, why love at all?" Because a life without love is not peaceful, it is empty, numbness is not safety, avoidance is not healing.
A shielded heart doesn't beat stronger; it just echoes in a quieter chamber. Life without love becomes survival, not living.

Love will break your heart, but it will also put it back together in a better shape.
The cracks are where your compassion for others will now grow. Love will disappoint you, but it will also give you moments worth remembering forever.
A single sunset shared in understanding can outshine years of mundane sunrises.

Love will test you, but it will also grow you. You will meet versions of yourself in love that you would never have met in comfort. A heart that has loved and lost is still richer than a heart that never loved at all.

The Boundaries of Love

In the first book I made something very clear Love is not a license for manipulation. Love must have boundaries.

There is nothing Agapist about losing yourself, there is nothing divine about accepting abuse, there is nothing holy about staying where you are constantly broken. You cannot draw water from an empty well. You cannot warm others if your own fire has been extinguished.

Self-love is still the first love, if that collapses, every other kind of love collapses with it. You can love someone and still walk away, you can love someone and still protect your peace, you can love someone and still choose yourself.
*Love is expansive, not annihilating, It should make you more yourself, not less***.**

Love has no price in money but it has a price in dignity, time, energy, and vulnerability, and anything that constantly drains these without returning them is not love it is damage.
Agape is a river that nourishes both banks, If you are giving everything and the other side is only stone, you are not in a relationship you are in an erosion.

Love, Evil, and God

People often ask, "If God is loving, why do we suffer?". I don't have perfect answers, no human does, but I know this. Love does not remove trials, love gives us the strength to carry them. God's love is not a protective bubble from the storm; it is the unwavering ground beneath your feet when the storm rages.

Suffering is part of the human contract, even the prophets suffered, even saints cried, even the bravest broke down. The question is not "Why is there pain?" but "What will we build from it?"

Love is not meant to erase pain, it is meant to give meaning to it. Pain without love is torture, pain with love is a forge.

Nietzsche said, "He who has a why to live can bear almost any how."
Agapism believes that love is the deepest why, It is the why that whispers through the howl.

To Love Again

After the break, after the betrayal, after the loss, after the silence, after the disappointment,you will doubt love, you will question it you will fear it.
Your heart will feel like a house after a flood, everything familiar is waterlogged and warped, and you can't imagine it ever being a home again.

But love is patient, love returns when the heart is ready, love heals slowly, quietly, honestly. It starts with a small, defiant act: watering a single plant on the windowsill. Then, one day, you realize you've begun rebuilding the garden.

Choosing to love again is not weakness, It is courage, It is faith, It is life choosing you once more. It is the ultimate act of hope: betting on a future you cannot see, because you remember the beauty of a past you once held.

The final cost of love is the willingness to open your hearteven after it has been broken. *And in that reopening, you don't just find love you find your own invincible humanity*.

Author’s note

This book was not written to answer every question about love, nor to pretend that I understand all its mysteries. It was written because, like many people, I have lived long enough to learn that love is beautiful, but it is not easy. And yet, even with all its weight, love remains the one thing in life that never loses its worth.

After publishing *The Essence of Existence*, I received messages from people who felt seen, people who felt comforted, and people who felt understood. But I also heard from those who had been hurt, those who lost someone, those who trusted and were betrayed, those who loved deeply and paid heavily for it.

Their questions stayed with me, "Why does love cost so much?" "Why does something so good bring so much pain?" "Why do we keep loving even when it breaks us?"

This book is my attempt to explore that truth. Not academically, not theologically, but humanly. I wrote it in the quiet hours, with my own scars as reference points and my own hopes as the ink.

The Cost of Love is a reflection of what I have learned, what I have felt,
and what I continue to understand about love. It is a reminder that love is not perfect and does not need to be. It stretches us, shapes us, breaks us, and builds us back into something softer, stronger, and more aware. I do not claim to have final answers. Love is too vast for that, but I know this much.

Love is worth the price it asks for and to love at all is to be alive.

If this book brings you clarity, comfort, or even a moment of peace, then it has served its purpose.

Thank you for reading,
thank you for feeling, and thank you for letting love continue through you, even when it has cost you something.

About the Author

Abdullahi Abdulrazaq is a philosopher, writer, and deep examiner of the human condition. His work centers on what he calls the *Agapist Lens*, the conviction that selfless, purposeful love (*agape*) is the foundation of meaning, the answer to existential despair, and the bridge between human experience and divine purpose.

In *The Cost of Love*, the second part of his inquiry into Agapism, he moves from declaration to examination. If love is the essence of existence, why does it demand so much of us? Drawing from theology, existential philosophy, and lived human stories, he argues that love's necessity cannot be separated from its price, and that its true worth is revealed precisely in what it costs.

Abdullahi holds a Bachelor of Science in Computer Science from Al-Qalam University, Katsina, and is currently advancing his studies in Information Technology at the Nigerian Defence Academy. This technical and analytical foundation informs his philosophical approach, allowing him to structure abstract questions of purpose, ethics, and suffering with clarity and rigor.

He writes for the seeker, the doubter, and the wounded believer, anyone who has felt that love is both the question and the answer, and who is brave enough to explore why that might be true.